

for the more he drinkith, ay
The more he levethe, the soth to say.
This is the thirst of fals geting,
That last ever in coveiting,
And the anguisshe and distresse
With the fire of gredinesse.
She fighteth with him ay, and stryvethe,
That his herte asondre ryveth;
Such gredinesse him assaylith,
That whan he most hath, most he faylith.

PHISICIENS and advocates
Gon right by the same yates;
They selle hir science for winning,
And haunte hir craft for greet geting.
Hir winning is of such swetnesse,
That if a man falle in sikenesse,
They are ful glad, for hir encrese;
for by hir wille, withoute lees,
Everiche man shulde be seke,
And though they dye, they set not a leke.
After, whan they the gold have take,
ful litel care for hem they make.
They wolde that fourty were seke at onis,
Ye, two hundred, in flesh and bonis,
And yet two thousand, as I gesse,
for to encrese her richesse.
They wol not worchen, in no wyse,
But for lucre and coveityse;
for fysyk ginneth first by fy,
The fysycien also sothely;
And sithen it goth fro fy to sy;
To truste on hem, it is foly;
for they nil, in no maner gree,
Do right nought for charitee.

EKE in the same secte are set
Alle tho that prechen for to get
Worshipes, honour, and richesse.
Her hertis arm in greet distresse,
That folk ne live not holily,
But aboven al, specialy,
Sich as prechen for veynglorie,
And toward God have no memorie,
But forth as ypocrites trace,
And to her soules deth purchace,
And outward shewen holynesse,
Though they be fulle of cursidnesse,
Not liche to the apostles twelve,
They deceyve other and hemselve;
Bigyled is the gyler than,
for preching of a cursed man,
Though it to other may profyte,
Himsilf availeth not a myte;
for oft good predicacioun
Cometh of evel entencioun.
To him not vailith his preching,
Al helpe he other with his teching;
for where they good ensauple take,
There is he with veynglorie shake.
But lat us leven these prechoures,
And speke of hem that in her toures
Hepe up her gold, and faste shette,
And sore theron her herte sette.
They neither love God, ne drede;

They kepe more than it is nede,
And in her bagges sore it binde,
Out of the sonne, and of the winde;
They putte up more than nede ware,
Whan they seen pore folk forfare,
for hunger dye, and for cold quake;
God can wel vengeance therof take,
Thre gret mischeves hem assailith,
And thus in gadring ay travaylith;
With moche peyne they winne richesse;
And drede hem holdith in distresse,
To kepe that they gadre faste;
With sorwe they leve it at the laste;
With sorwe they bothe dye and live,
That to richesse her hertis yive,
And in defaute of love it is,
As it sheweth ful wel, ywis.
for if these gredy, the sothe to seyn,
Loveden, and were loved ageyn,
And good love regned over alle,
Such wikkidnesse ne shulde falle;
But he shulde yve that most good had
To hem that weren in nede bistad,
And live withoute fals usure,
for charitee ful cleue and pure.
If they hem yve to goodnesse,
Defending hem from ydelnesse,
In al this world than pore noon
We shulde finde, I trowe, not oon.
But chaunged is this world unstable;
for love is overal vendable.
We see that no man loveth now
But for winning and for prow;
And love is thrallid in servage
Whan it is sold for avauntage;
Yit wommen wol hir bodies selle;
Suche soules goth to the devel of helle.

Here is lacking from 5170 of the French to 10717 of the same.

AHN Love had told hem his entente,
The baronage to counel wente;
In many sentences they fille,
And dyversly they seide hir wille;
But aftir discord they accorded,
And hir accord to Love recorded.

Sir, seiden they, we been at oon,
By even accord of everichoon,
Outtake Richesse alonly,
That sworn hath ful hauteynly,
That she the castel nil assaile,
Ne smyte a stroke in this bataille,
With dart, ne mace, spere, ne knyf,
for man that speketh or bereth the lyf,
And blameth your empryse, ywis,
And from our hoost departed is,
At leeste wey, as in this plyte,
So hath she this man in dyspyte;
for she seith he ne loved hir never,
And therfor she wol hate him ever.
for he wol gadre no tresore,
He hath hir wrath for evermore.

He agitte hir never in other caas,
So, here al hoolly his trespass!
She seith wel, that this other day
He asked hir leve to goon the way
He is clepid To-moche-Yeving,
That is ful faire in his praying;
And spak ful faire to her prayng;
But whan he prayde hir, pore was he,
Therfore she warned him the entree.
Ne yit is he not thriven so
That he hath eten a peny or two,
That he hath his owne in hold.

RICHESSE us alle told;
And whan Richesse us this recorded,
Withouten hir we been accorded.
And we finde in our accordaunce,
That false Semblant and Abstinence,
With alle the folk of hir bataile,
Shulle at the binder gate assaile,
That wikkid Tunge bath in keping,
With his Normans, fulle of jangling,
And with hem Curtesie and Largesse,
That shulle shewe hir hardinesse
To the olde wyf that kepeth so harde
The olde coming within hir warde.

AHN shal Delyte and Wel-helinge
Fonde Shame adoun to bringe;
With al hir hoost, cry and late,
They shulle assaillen thilke gate.
GHYNES Drede shal Hardinesse
Assayle, and also Sikernesse,
With al the folk of hir leding,
That never wist what was fleing.

RAUNCHYSE shal fighte, and eek
Pitee,
With Daunger ful of crueltee.
Thus is your hoost ordeyned wel;
Down shal the castel every del,
If everiche do his entente,
So that Venus be presente,
Your modir, ful of vassalage,
That can ynough of such usage;
Withouten hir may no wight spede
This werk, neither for word ne dede.
Therfore is good ye for hir sende,
for thurgh hir may this werk amende.

AND ORDINGES, my modir, the god-
desse,
That is my lady, and my mais-
tresse,
Nis not at al at my willing,
Ne doth not al my desyryng.
Yit can she somtyme doon labour,
Whan that hir lust, in my socour,
Al my nedis for to acheve,
But now I thenke hir not to greve.
My modir is she, and of childhede,
I bothe worshippe hir, and eek drede;
for who that dredith sire ne dame
Shal it aby in body or name.
And, natheles, yit cumme we
Sende aftir hir, if nede be;
And were she nigh, she comen wolde,

I trowe that nothing might hir holde.
MY modir is of greet prowessse;
She hath tan many a forteresse,
That cost hath many a pound er this,
Ther I nas not present, ywis;
And yit men seide it was my dede;
But I come never in that stede;
Ne me ne lykith, so mote I thee,
Such toures take withoute me.
for why me thenketh that, in no wyse,
It may ben cleped but marchandise.

GO bye a courser, blak or whyte,
And pay therfor; than art thou quyte.
The marchaunt oweth thee right
nought,
Ne thou him, whan thou hast it bought.
I wol not selling clepe yeving,
for selling axeth no guerdoning;
Here lyth no thank, ne no meryte,
That oon goth from that other al quyte.
But this selling is not semblable;
for, whan his hors is in the stable,
He may it selle ageyn, pardee,
And winne on it, such hap may be;
Al may the man not lese, ywis,
for at the leest the skin is his.
Or elles, if it so bytde
That he wol kepe his hors to ryde,
Yit is he lord ay of his hors.

AT thilke chaffare is wel wors,
There Venus entremeteth nought;
for whoso such chaffare bath
bought,
He shal not worchen so wylly,
That he ne shal lese al outerly
Bothe his money and his chaffare;
But the seller of the ware
The prys and profit have shal.
Certeyn, the byer shal lese al;
for he ne can so dere it bye
To have lordship and ful maistrye,
Ne have power to make letting
Neither for yift ne for preching,
That of his chaffare, maugre his,
Another shal have as moche, ywis,
If he wol yve as moche as he,
Of what contrey so that he be;
Or for right nought, so happe may,
If he can flater hir to hir pay.
Ben than suche marchaunts wyse?
No, but foolles in every wyse,
Whan they bye such thing wilfully,
Theras they lese her good fully.
But natheles, this dar I saye,
My modir is not wont to paye,
for she is neither so fool ne nyce,
To entremete hir of sich vyce.
But truste wel, he shal paye al,
That repente of his bargeyn shal,
Whan Poverte put him in distresse,
Al were he scoler to Richesse,
That is for me in gret yerning,
Whan she assenteth to my willing.